Sanguine

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Summary

“You have a rabbit heart, dear Will,” he murmured, pushing up until he hovered properly over him.

“A strange man dragged me down an alley,” Will reminded him in a rough, unsteady voice, “Anyone would be startled.”

“Hannibal,” the man said, nuzzling his face against Will’s throat next. Will braced his hand on the man’s shoulder, pushing at him with all his strength and finding him immovable.

“What?”

“My name. It’s Hannibal.”

Hannibal is a vampire, and Will has a twin. What could possibly happen here... ;)

Notes

A gift for a glorious and wonderful Fish - an early birthday present if you will! Happy birthday lovely one, we adore you and hope you have a wonderful day!

Fish requested Adam/Will twincest alongside some Vampire Hannibal. Because it's us, there will be timestamps/a second part eventually, but we're not sure when. There are *elements* of dub-con in this as both boys are bitten by Hannibal the first time but no actual non-con/rape, hence we didn't tag it. (EDIT 9/21/21 In retrospect, we have decided it leans a bit far into dub!con and have tagged it to be safe) Please note that Will is a crier in this one, he just does it, so it very rarely (if ever) is a negative thing for him XD Poor boy can't control the way his empathy fucks with him once the blood's going.

Check out more notes at the bottom!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Adam's eyes are so blue when they look up at him. Wide, pupils blown. His lips are pink, swollen from Will's teeth against them.

"You're beautiful," Adam tells him.

"That's narcissistic."

"No." Adam tilts his head back on a gasp, high, tight. Will halts his motions and waits for him to breathe. "No, we've always been different."

"You've always been better than me."

Adam frowns. He wraps his fingers around the back of Will's neck and pulls him in. They press together, matching halves, and Will rocks and rocks until Adam's next words are lost entirely to a moan.

"I love you," Will tells him, suddenly frantic. Adam is slick with sweat beneath him, too difficult to grasp. "You know I love you, don't you?"

"Of course you do," Adam tilts his head, sweet and innocent and Will is coming undone like the horrible mess he is, "I'm your brother."

Will woke gasping, his hand already shoved into his briefs, cupping his erection. It took less than three awkward thrusts of his hips before he was coming, pulsing over his hand, hot and wet and shameful.

When it was over, Will stared up at the ceiling of his dorm room in disgust. The dream was always a terrible start to a morning.

There was a reason he and Adam didn't share a dorm. A reason they went to separate colleges entirely. Will had deliberately chosen a field as far from his brother's range of interests as possible while remaining true to his own.

Because of this.

Because he'd been waking up in sweaty semen-slicked shame for well over five years now, just thinking about how good it would be to kiss, and touch, and -

"Shower," he groaned, shoving himself out of bed. "Cold fucking shower, Will. Come on."

Will took night classes. Or close to night as he could, when lectures ended at nine and the library stayed open until half past two. The rest of the time he worked. He studied. He kept up his grades and he talked to Adam.

"It's your turn to call dad," Will told him, phone pressed between shoulder and cheek as he balanced a mug of coffee on top of his Abnormal Psychology textbook. "Yeah. It's his

birthday, dumbass."

“I’m not a dumbass,” Adam said, as if that had ever stopped Will from calling him that. Will had always told him that it was his job, as the barely-older brother, to pick on Adam. Adam had never quite gotten the hang of insulting him back, but he’d learned that Will’s derogatory terms were affectionate. “And if it’s his birthday, you should call him too.”

“I texted.”

“Will! He’s going to spend the entire call upset about it! You text him and I get the lectures.”

Will grinned, settling in to a walled-off cubby in the library. “That’s because you never learned to screen calls.”

“It’s rude,” Adam said stiffly, but since he’d been telling Will how rude he was since middle school, Will didn’t pay him much mind.

“Enough about Dad. Tell me about your coding project. Did you figure out the error you were getting?”

Adam was so easy to distract. All Will had to do was start him on a topic he liked, and Will could just listen to him talk for hours. And had, many, many times. He never got tired of Adam.

Adam talked until he tired, until he ran out of steam and began to yawn into the phone. Will took pity on him, then.

“I’ll call you tomorrow, okay? Don’t forget about dad.”

“I won’t. Will?”

“Yeah?”

“I miss you.”

Will swallowed, mouth suddenly dry. “Yeah. Yeah, I miss you too. I gotta go, people are giving me dirty looks.”

"This is why you don't make calls from the library. For someone who *can* read social cues, you're terrible at it"

Will laughed, he couldn't help it. He allowed himself a moment more, sharing quiet breaths over the line with his brother, before telling him he loved him and hanging up.

Will stayed, as he had almost every night since he'd started the course, until just before the library closed for the morning. He'd always worked better at night; their dad had affectionately called him a lunatic when they'd been kids and Adam had gotten extremely jealous. Adam was a morning person.

Shoving whatever books fit into his bag, Will grabbed up the rest and made his way down the wide stairs and into the early morning air. He usually walked the six blocks to the dorms, a brisk pace that kept him awake and kept the occasional late night stroller at bay.

Tonight, Will was walking slower, his mind caught between the articles he'd been perusing about sociopathy and thoughts of Adam. He'd see him that weekend, they always spent the weekends together off campus somewhere, but it felt too far away even now.

If he thought about it, Will never heard anything. He never saw anything. There was a curious smell, like some exotic flower, before a hand covered his mouth and pulled him clean off his path and down an alley with inhuman strength.

Will tried to remember anything he'd learned about self defense. Anything at all. He got as far as 'shove their nose into their skull' before he was drawn back against a broad chest, lips at his ear.

"Shh, hush darling. It's alright. I'm not going to hurt you."

Generally, people who were not going to hurt you didn't drag you down dark alleys, but Will ceased his struggling. It hadn't been doing him any good, anyway, and it was better to conserve his energy for a better opportunity.

The man who'd grabbed him turned him around gently, far more gently than he'd grabbed Will, and pressed him back against the wall. He kept his hand over Will's mouth, ducking his head to meet Will's avoidant gaze.

"Not fond of eye contact, are you?" He said in a thickly accented voice. He was a handsome man, neatly dressed in a suit far too formal for the college campus. He smiled at Will as though they were old friends, meeting for the first time in a long while. His teeth looked sharp.

Will couldn't shake his head with the way he was tightly backed into the wall. The man kept staring, his eyes seeming inexplicably more red than brown. "I'm not going to hurt you," the man said again, and his voice sounded almost like a song, one Will had heard years before and was now struggling to remember. "Settle down. Trust me. Everything will be alright."

The man dropped his hands, though he did not back away from Will. "There, now," he said, "isn't that better?"

Will shoved his palm upwards into the man's nose, watching his head jerk back with some satisfaction. He didn't wait for a response, ducking under his arm and bolting for the street.

The man was on him again before he reached the mouth of the alley, his arm around his waist and his hand silencing Will's frustrated scream.

"Aren't you an interesting little thing," The man whispered in his ear, sounding entirely amused and without the nasally quality Will would expect from a man with a broken nose. His nose brushed along Will's throat, seemingly undamaged as he drew in a long, slow breath. "Very interesting."

Will whined in displeasure and struggled harder, tensing immediately when the man's thumb and forefinger moved up to squeeze against his nose, blocking off air entirely.

No, he wasn't going to die in a goddamn alley, not fucking today, and not fucking ever if he could help it. Will drew his legs up and tried to unbalance the man by hanging like a dead weight in his hold. He kicked back, aiming for knees and shins and groin, he clawed at the arms that held him secure.

Let me go, let me go, please let me go -

"Just relax, sweet thing. I've got you."

Will's breath hitched, vision already blurry with how hard it was to breathe, and thought of Adam. Adam when he laughed at something Will said, even when they both knew it hadn't been that funny, Adam frowning in the selfie Will had taken of the two of them the summer before, Adam drinking milk from the carton in the fridge, Adam sleeping, Adam calling his name to wake him up -

"Will," he shook his head, trying to clear away the cobwebs of memories and shuddered in a breath.

They weren't on the street anymore. They were inside, somewhere cool and quiet and Will immediately shoved himself back from the man who stood so near to him.

"Don't," he whispered, throat sore. "Please don't, please just -"

“I’ve already told you I’m not going to hurt you,” The man said, creeping closer, crawling over Will’s legs on all fours. They were stretched out on a bed, some monstrous thing with heavy, old fashioned curtains blocking out much of the light, drawn only enough on the one side for a sliver to peak in from the bedside lamp.

The more Will noticed of his surroundings, the harder his heart began to beat in his chest. He squirmed backwards, trying to put distance between himself and the man, and only succeeding in nearly smothering himself in a mountain of pillows.

The man chuckled, long-fingered hands grabbing Will’s hips and pulling him back down the bed a few inches. Will’s shirt rucked up from the motion, and the man buried his face into the exposed skin of Will’s stomach, humming softly against it.

“You have a rabbit heart, dear Will,” he murmured, pushing up until he hovered properly over him.

“A strange man dragged me down an alley,” Will reminded him in a rough, unsteady voice, “Anyone would be startled.”

“Hannibal,” the man said, nuzzling his face against Will’s throat next. Will braced his hand on the man’s shoulder, pushing at him with all his strength and finding him immovable.

“What?”

“My name. It’s Hannibal.” Hannibal’s mouth pressed against Will’s throat, soft, tender, and then a sharp pain burst into being, startling Will so badly that Hannibal grabbed a handful of curls to hold him still.

Will was sure he'd cried out, was sure he screamed blue bloody murder but it didn't matter… it didn't matter because warmth spread through his body like molasses, like stepping into sunshine out of an air conditioned room. Warmth that pooled in the hollow of Will's throat and shivered sparks through his chest, warmth that flexed his fingers against the unyielding body before him and coiled teasing between his legs.

He whined, pained and scared and *needy* , clinging to his captor like he had no other hope on earth. Will felt like he'd taken a breath after agonizing minutes underwater, like the first time he'd passed his exams at the top of his class, like the time his dad had taken them fishing and Adam had caught the biggest trout that day.

Euphoric.

Will felt euphoric.

Slowly, like a photograph developing, sensations returned: silken sheets beneath his back, dusky light filtered through a gap in the curtain, a heavy body pressing him down, and his cock, hard and aching between Will's legs as he sobbed in pleasure.

Hannibal’s hand loosened its grip on Will’s hair when it became clear that he was going nowhere. Instead, he rested that hand on Will’s chest, right over his heartbeat, which thrummed along at a rapid pace.

Will was burning. The mouth at his neck was fire, and Will was a man lost in the dark. Weakly, he brought up his own hand, twining his fingers through Hannibal’s soft strands and trying to push Hannibal further into his throat.

Hannibal chuckled, and it reverberated through Will’s skin, down his spine, adding kindling to the flame that was taking Will over. Hannibal wasn’t even moving, was simply laying over Will’s body with his own, and it was more than Will had ever thought he could feel.

“Please please please-“ Will’s own voice filtered in slowly, as the world around him grew brighter, sharper. He hadn’t even known he was speaking but now he begged, frantic and needy.

Hannibal pulled away with a final suck, a deep, dragging pull that Will felt all the way in his cock, and Will was coming. Untouched and fully dressed, he convulsed against Hannibal’s body, against the growing thickness of Hannibal’s own arousal. It went on and on and all Will wanted was the bite again, those sharp teeth in his skin, devouring him while he rocked and sobbed his need.

Hannibal just watched. The boy he'd studied for the last three evenings, for his cleverness, for his carriage, for his dedication to study and excellence; that boy now broke under the most blissful ecstasy in Hannibal's bed. When Will stilled, tremors of pleasure still twitching beneath his skin, Hannibal sighed.

"You are remarkable, sweet boy,"

Will's eyelids fluttered. He felt dizzy and at the same time hyper aware of everything around him. He tried to turn into the sheets, the most strength he could muster to 'get away' because he knew he had to, he knew he must, because otherwise he would die, right here in this bed, and that couldn't happen, that -

"Please," he tried again, shivering when Hannibal once again touched his stomach, slipped his hand under Will's shirt and teased over hard peaked nipples. Will bit his lip. "Please, no -"

"Lay still,"

Will sobbed again, tears hot against his face as he gritted his teeth and forced his mind to concentrate, to move *away* not towards the hand that touched him, the hand that was joined by another as both worked free his pants and eased Will's hips up to bare him.

No, no, no, he didn't want this, he didn't want it *like* this, Will wanted, he wanted -

"Look at me, Will," Will clamped his eyes shut and shook his head, unable to control the way his body undulated upwards as Hannibal drew his knuckles over Will's spent cock, down the insides of his thighs that he willingly spread for him. "Look at me."

Will trembled. He opened his eyes. And Hannibal kissed him.

Hannibal’s mouth was still slick with Will’s blood, tasting of copper and warmth as his tongue met Will’s. He kissed the same way he touched, sure, confident, gentle. Will whimpered and met the kiss with a weak, desperate response, shuddering as they separated only long enough for Hannibal to tug Will’s shirt over his head.

Will didn’t want to die. He knew that, and nothing else. Anything else fled his mind faster than he could grip at it, chased away by the slick fingers that sought the very core of him.

When the fingers breached him, Will turned away from Hannibal with a low moan. “I can’t,” he whispered, though he could no longer remember why, not with Hannibal spreading him open in coaxing pushes.

“You can,” Hannibal’s mouth closed around a nipple, sucked hard until Will arched and clenched around his fingers. He trailed kisses over to the other one and sucked there as well, pulled gasps and whines from Will’s mouth with just lips and tongue. “You can, sweet boy,” he said with a mouth stained red, “Let me show you.”

Hannibal was big, and Will felt so small, covered fully with his thighs spread wide by large, cool hands. Hannibal kissed away tears that blossomed in the corners of Will’s eyes, nudging forward until his hips were flush against Will, and Will was squirming beneath him, too weak to rock forward or wriggle away.

Will bit his lip and swallowed down a sound of need. It felt good. It felt tight and hot and *full* and good and he wanted it. He knew he wanted it as Hannibal ducked his head to lick over

the marks his teeth had left on Will's throat, as he bit teasingly at his collarbone without breaking the skin.

"More," Will sighed, unable to fight this anymore, too tired, *so* tired. He managed to drape an arm around Hannibal and hold on as the man continued to worship his body from the inside out. Tears slicked down his face, into his ears, down over his septum when he turned his head.

This is what making love feels like Will thought vaguely, as Hannibal found his prostate and Will convulsed in pleasure beneath him with a cry.

Hannibal wrapped his fingers in Will's hair again, gentle with his touches as he spread the boy wider, pushed a flush of desire to his skin that Hannibal licked at with a broad tongue.

He was lovely. Even as Will continued to weep quietly in his arms as Hannibal worked him closer and closer to another orgasm, one Will's body fought valiantly against. Even as Will clutched at him. Especially when he turned his head to Hannibal's throat and parted his lips there, wet, needy breaths warming Hannibal's skin.

Oh yes. This one he would keep.

When Will went a day without texting, Adam thought he'd done something to make him mad.

They fought sometimes, close as they were, and while Adam tended to yell and scream and then be over it, Will had always held on to his anger for far longer.

But then one day became two, and then three, and when Will was not at the train station to meet him, Adam knew something was wrong.

Adam didn't have a key to Will's dorm, but he had a vague, incomplete knowledge of his professors. He circled the broad buildings, but no one who'd heard of Will Graham had seen him.

Adam booked himself a cheap motel room with the emergency card their father had given him, and staked out the library.

In the days since he'd taken Will, Hannibal had learned quite a bit. He'd learned that Will accepted gifts in the form of books with a suspicious but grateful expression, that Will could have matched wits with some of the greatest minds Hannibal had met in his long life, and that Will had a hell of a right hook when Hannibal irritated him, little good that it did them.

In none of their conversations, not even the second time Hannibal took Will to his own bed, pliant and needy and drained to the point of exhaustion, did Will mention a brother.

Hannibal's first thought, as he passed the library on his way to fetch more groceries for Will, was a momentary panic that Will had escaped.

But this boy moved differently to Will. Where Will swaggered, this boy walked almost carefully. Where Will avoided eye contact tactfully, this boy did it deliberately. He stopped, now, by the library steps and looked up them like a puppy waiting for his owner. Shifting from foot to foot, checking his watch.

Looking for Will, Hannibal realized.

He'd grown very fond of him in their time together. It was rare that Hannibal kept a victim to drink from for more than one meal, and he didn't need to feed as frequently as he had in his far-forgotten youth. But Will… Will seemed to take as much pleasure from a feeding as Hannibal did. And his blood post orgasm was ambrosia to Hannibal.

And now there was *another* .

Curious.

Taking Adam turned out to be simpler than taking Will had been, though he, too, responded not at all to the glamor Hannibal exuded. He didn't lash out as Will had, with violence and vigor. He thought of his brother, too, Hannibal noticed, as he succumbed to unconsciousness.

Very curious.

Perhaps Will would take this gift with less suspicion.

Will's sleep schedule had already been messed up, and so it had taken very little for him to adjust to Hannibal's whims. He woke when Hannibal came for him and either slept after Hannibal left or passed out in Hannibal's monstrosity of a bed and stayed there until enough blood had replenished for him to move.

The room where Will was kept was not so extravagant as Hannibal's, but still larger and more opulent than any Will had ever lived in. The bed was just as large as Hannibal's, though without the curtains, and there was a bookshelf that Hannibal supplemented nearly every time he came for Will.

Hannibal had only fed from Will twice, but he came every single day, bringing Will fresh cooked meals and conversation. Will had resisted the first day, but the second he'd found himself giving in. Hannibal was an intelligent man. Will didn't like to think about how long he'd no doubt been alive, but he carried the knowledge of decades. He was also more than willing to share that knowledge with Will, or to indulge him in a debate on the things Will had been studying. Sometimes, when he tucked Will into bed and took his leave just before dawn, Will wanted to reach for him and pull him back.

Hannibal was quiet, though. Sometimes Will would rise from sleep to find him reading in Will's chair, inspecting the books to see what Will had been learning. Today, Will woke in a rumpled bed, curled up tight against another sleeping body.

Adam .

Adam, asleep and without a bite on his throat, but *here.* Here in Hannibal's home. Here with Will, trapped as surely as Will was, and Will felt a sudden surge of emotion he couldn't identify. He shot up on the bed, staring pleadingly across the room, where Hannibal sat in his chair looking immensely pleased with himself.

"I've brought you a gift, sweet boy."

"Hannibal," Will begged, creeping from the bed as quietly as he could and coming to stand in front of the chair. "Hannibal, *please.* You can't."

Hannibal blinked, a bare tilt of his head to suggest the question he didn't voice, and Will looked back to his brother, sleeping soundly still. He couldn't understand why he felt as relieved as he felt agonized. Why seeing Adam felt like home and like a cruelty all at once.

He hadn't thought he'd see his brother again.

"You have me," Will whispered, "I won't leave you, I - I don't want to. Please let him go."

"I do have you," Hannibal agreed, reaching to stroke against Will's cheek, watching how the boy immediately turned into it, sought a deeper touch. "And now I have you both."

"Please," Will moved closer still, almost climbing into Hannibal's lap. "I can't see Adam hurt, I'd never forgive myself, he's… he's so special."

"Have I hurt you, Will?" Hannibal's hands cupped Will's hips, guiding him fully over Hannibal's thighs. Will settled into place, a faint flush over his cheeks. Hannibal pulled him until their chests pressed together, planting kisses over the bitemarks he'd left in Will's throat just two days before. "You should have told me I'd hurt you. I'd have made amends."

"You haven't," Will admitted, eyes fluttering closed at the gentle tease of fangs against his skin. Nothing Hannibal had done hurt, even when Will expected it to. On the contrary, Hannibal treated him with all the delicacy of a virgin bride whenever he touched Will. "You haven't, but…"

"I haven't hurt you, and I won't hurt Adam," Hannibal promised, "But you can't always have me all to yourself, greedy thing."

Will blushed, a wounded noise slipping from his throat. He was not aroused enough to accept such words, not drunk on Hannibal's fangs and cock. He pulled back, scrambling out of Hannibal's lap. Hannibal let him go, an amused smirk on his face.

They weren't lovers. They weren't friends, regardless of what it felt like when Hannibal came to him with no ill intentions. Hannibal still locked him in when he left, and now Adam-

"Will?" Adam's sleepy murmur drew both of their attention. Hannibal got to his feet, gripping Will's shoulders and turning him towards the bed.

"Go ahead, sweet boy. Go say hello before we take our leave."

Will tried again to protest, making it no further than a soft purr of sound as Hannibal drew a hand through his hair and tugged softly. Will flushed, humiliated and aroused, and climbed back into bed with his brother, wrapping himself close against him as they did when they were little.

"Hey," he tried to smile, immediately worked errant curls from Adam's face. "I've missed you."

"Where did you go?"

Will shrugged. What could he say? He'd been kidnapped by a vampire who'd been giving Will the best orgasms of his life for the last week while offering him interesting conversation and delicious food?

"Just don't freak out."

"I'm not scared," Adam told him, watching Will as Will watched him. His eyes honed in on the bite at his throat and Will ducked his head too late to hide it. "You're not hurt."

"No, no I'm okay. And you'll be okay. We both will. Nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worried," Adam replied, and Will snorted. God, he had missed him. He hadn't been radio silent from his brother a day in his life before this. He pressed their foreheads together and tried to forget that Hannibal was there, mere steps away, about to take Adam and -

He hated that he was jealous. Of both of them. It tore at Will and at once flared heat behind his cheeks. With a displeased hum, he looked over Adam's shoulder at Hannibal and bit his lip.

"I'll be here," he said quietly, words for Adam, eyes for Hannibal.

Hannibal stepped forward, holding his hand out. Adam looked from the hand, to Will.

“This is Hannibal,” Will said quietly, “He’ll take care of us.”

“I don’t need to be taken care of,” Adam said, brow furrowed, but he allowed Hannibal to pull him to his feet. Will watched him go with a heartbroken hunger, nearly whimpering at the way Hannibal smiled at Adam.

And then Hannibal turned back to Will, cupped his face in both hands, and kissed him, the way he always kissed him, so soft and sweet and loving. “I haven’t replaced you, sweet boy,” He murmured, “I could never grow bored of you.”

It helped. Not enough, but more than Will wanted it to. He watched helplessly from the bed as Hannibal led Adam out, knowing from experience that Hannibal was both faster and stronger than him, and running after them would be pointless.

Hannibal still locked the door behind them with a firm click.

“You took my brother,” Adam said, once Hannibal had him alone in his room. He looked towards the large bed with resignation, rather than fear. He did not even show Hannibal the tearful wariness Will had given him.

“I did,” Hannibal agreed, guiding Adam to sit on the edge of the bed, “But he has been whole and healthy in my care. We discuss books together. He’s happy here.”

“He’s not entirely whole,” Adam pointed out, “You bit him.”

Hannibal's smile pulled wide, showing his fangs. Adam didn't even flinch. As precocious as his brother, but in a quiet and much more refined way. He was keen where Will was cluttered.

"I did. And I will again. Does that bother you?"

"He's not frightened," Adam replied, that seemed to be answer enough. Hannibal was charmed.

"I will bite you."

"I know." Adam bit his lip softly, the only sign of unease he'd shown with Hannibal so far. Hannibal stepped nearer, crowding Adam a little until he crawled backwards; much less tolerance for invasion of his personal space than Will.

Except with his brother.

Curious.

"Does that bother you?" Hannibal asked, leaning over the boy where he sprawled, drawing his nose over the tendons standing stark in his throat. Adam trembled.

"I don't know,"

"Shall we see?" Hannibal murmured, the tip of his tongue tickling the shell of Adam's ear.

“You’re going to anyway,” Adam said, shuddering.

“I am.” Hannibal mouthed his way down Adam’s jaw, coaxing more shifts and shivers out of him. “But I have no intention of seeing you afraid while I do it.”

“I don’t usually like to be touched.” Adam’s voice was breathy, his pulse quickening.

“What if I promise to only touch you in ways you’ll enjoy?” Hannibal grazed his fangs gently over the spot in Adam’s throat he preferred, the place where veins pulsed life over his tongue with every suck. Adam’s breath stalled and stuttered.

“Please?” Adam whispered. Hannibal bit down.

Adam was not as sensitive to Hannibal’s fangs as Will. He didn’t arch and whine and beg from the very first bite. But he did shudder, from head to toe, and clutch at Hannibal’s arms. When Hannibal made room for himself between Adam’s thighs, he found him half-hard and

growing, making eager little ‘ah’ sounds when Hannibal cupped him and rubbed slowly over his cock.

Hannibal took his time with his thirst. Technically, there was no need to feed again so soon, but his curiosity had overwhelmed him. He coaxed Adam along as he satiated himself, feasting until Adam’s body began to slacken under Hannibal’s, though Adam’s arousal never faltered. Hannibal pulled back with a few cursory licks, lapping up the last droplets that spilled from Adam’s throat.

“Hannibal?” Adam murmured, hands dropping to either side of his head, no longer able to cling to Hannibal.

“It’s alright, little one,” Hannibal murmured, planting kisses down Adam’s chest with every button he undid, “I have you. You’re safe with me.”

“I’m so tired.”

“You will be. But that’s alright. You needn’t do anything but lay back and let me give you pleasure.”

"Mmkay," he sighed, eyes half closed, face turning into one hand as it rubbed his eyes in the most endearing way. He was a lot more pliant than his brother, but just as breathless, just as responsive when Hannibal found the right buttons to push.

Adam *mewled* when Hannibal took his cock between his lips, unafraid of his teeth, languidly pushing up to coax Hannibal to take more. Eager, lovely, utterly sweet in taste and nature.

So different to the stunning tearful boy Hannibal had enjoyed. Both entirely irresistible.

Hannibal brought Adam to completion, kissing his thighs as he trembled, smiling as Adam laughed, a gentle giggle.

"Feel good, lovely boy?"

"Yeah," he sighed, sleepy-eyed and flushed. He squirmed in bed just enough to unsettle Hannibal from between his legs, but welcomed him in again with a lazy reach of his hand.

Hannibal went, kissing blood-stained marks against his chest. Adam stretched beneath him, wanton, needy. Much more open to this than Will had been, despite his claim of not liking touch. Hannibal hummed, too, feeling Adam's cock twitch in interest again so soon.

"Aren't you sated?" He joked, watching as Adam's brow furrowed fussily.

"I can help with that,"

Adam arched his neck, nodded, opened his eyes and smiled. Hannibal grinned wide again, pressing a palm wide over his slight hips to keep him still. When Hannibal hitched Adam's legs up around his shoulders he squirmed with pleasure, and when he leaned in to taste -

- Will's entire body jerked in response and he turned his face into the bed, biting his lip hard not to cry out. The image of Adam's pleasure flashed so sharply through his mind he could barely breathe. He felt it tenfold.

He felt the drag of teeth, the heated tongue, the pulse of his heart and his brother's…

"Fuck," he whispered. " *Fuck* …"

It had not been a specific physical sensation, more a wave. It had been steadily building since Hannibal took Adam, since Hannibal bit Adam, and Will had felt it, teeth in his throat but not deep enough for the mind-numbing pleasure Hannibal gave him.

After that, there had been flashes, at first, just little sparks of warmth rolling down Will's spine, but they grew and grew until Will was squirming, until he reached this point where Adam was a constant presence in his head. Adam's pleasure was Will's pleasure, and Will felt it everywhere, over and over, leaving him gasping. He rolled onto his stomach, rutting against the bed, feeling helpless, feeling sick. He had always cut his dreams off come morning. He had never allowed himself to think of Adam when the haze of sleep wore off.

But now, Adam flooded Will, filled him up. He felt Adam, and then he felt Hannibal, the two of them twined together and yet distinct pleasures. Will gasped and jerked and whined into the bed, digging his own fingernails into the bite at his neck, a complicated pleasure overwhelming him.

Will came screaming, feeling *too much* to handle on his own, body shaking violently amongst the bedsheets. Adam's own orgasm reverberated through Will, extending his pleasure without the oversensitivity Will would have felt on his own, just endless crashing waves until finally, everyone was sated. And Will was alone, in his head and in the bedsheets. And Adam-

When Hannibal was done with him, leaving a mess of fluid between Adam's thighs, Adam was too exhausted to care. Hannibal wiped him up with a warm, wet cloth, gentle over the sensitive head of Adam's cock and his sore entrance.

"In the future, I would like you to sleep here with me in the aftermath," Hannibal told him, "But your brother worries about you. And I would like to check on him."

Adam nodded, curling on his side as Hannibal left him.

Hannibal took his time returning to Will's room, fingers flexing, tingling with the youth he'd stolen from them both. Their blood met and shifted within him, unique to each but recognizing the other.

He had felt the spike of arousal, the flame of Will's understanding and conscience like a pulse beneath his own. He'd felt it before, as the boy had lain dreaming beside him, as the boy had lain dreaming in his room, away from him. Will had an extraordinary mind, much more powerful than he knew the boy understood himself.

Opening the door Hannibal smiled, seeing Will splayed out in absolute debauched pleasure, thighs spread and shaking with the power of his orgasm. Half-dressed and filthy, hair tugged

every which way…

"Naughty boy," he purred, grinning as Will cursed and tried to cover himself. "What has your beautiful mind been doing?"

“Nothing!” The instinctive, sharp denial of an embarrassed child, though of course, Will was only a child in comparison to Hannibal’s many years. Will heaved up a section of blankets, drawing them up to his chest as if he could somehow undo Hannibal’s knowledge.

Hannibal sat down beside him, reaching for Will. Will drew back distrustfully.

“Where’s Adam?”

“You know where he is,” Hannibal said, smiling at Will’s humiliated flush. “As you would also know if he’d come to harm. Tell me how you’re feeling.”

“You *know* ,” Will said, mimicking Hannibal’s accent with a childish petulance that was beneath him. Hannibal ignored Will’s poor attitude in favor of drawing Will out from the blankets and into his lap.

Will struggled like he hadn’t since that first night, frustrated tears brimming as Hannibal pressed his head into Hannibal’s shoulder. Unable to free himself, he gave Hannibal’s arm an irritated swat and then finally settled into place.

“There needn’t be secrets between you and I, dear Will,” Hannibal told him, “you have the most interesting dreams. Tell me, who was it you were more envious of, Adam or myself?”

Will tensed, his entire body still as he hid his blush of humiliation further against Hannibal. After a moment, he trembled, unsure if he wanted to cry or fight or go limp and forget he existed. Hannibal drew a hand through his curls, easing them behind his ear.

"Such social taboos are new, beautiful boy. It wasn't always considered hateful or unwelcome."

"Please don't tell him." Will mumbled. Hannibal just hummed, fingers still working Will's curls between them.

"You think he doesn't know?"

Will made a helpless sound and Hannibal soothed him, wanting to tease, perhaps, but not upset his boy.

His *boys* , now.

"You feel so profoundly," Hannibal mused, turning his head against Will and kissing his temple. "A conduit of pure emotion. Pure empathy."

"Dad used to joke that I stole all of Adam's in the womb," Will said, turning his cheek against Hannibal's shoulder. "It's not true, you know. He feels things. He feels more than I do, I think. He just doesn't know how to talk about it."

“And now he won’t have to.” Hannibal tilted them both sideways, pulling Will down with him onto the bed. Soon, he would have to leave to check on Adam, but he would try and coax Will under first, sooth his terror and jealousy. “Adam will have you, and myself, and neither of us could possibly ignore his feelings.”

Will had known, on an intellectual level, that he was never going to leave. That Hannibal would keep him, would feast and fuck until Will drew his last breath. But now Will *felt* it, a bubble of warmth in his chest, of longing.

Until this moment, he had always assumed Hannibal’s affection for him was feigned.

“Hush, sweet boy,” Hannibal said in response to Will’s startled, overwhelmed whimper. “Rest. I’ll answer whatever questions you have in the morning.”

It took a long time for Will to sleep, but when he did, it was with Hannibal and Adam twined together mere rooms away, warming him from the inside out.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The longer the three of them shared each other, the easier it became for Will to ease his jealousy. Adam always came back to him, slept curled up with him like they hadn't since they were little. Hannibal always worshipped Will the way he had the first night he'd had him. Bringing Will to the most agonizing pleasure, whispering how much he adored him and treasured him.

Life, as it was, was good.

It was good for Hannibal, as well.

In this chapter, the boys discover each other under their not-at-all biased mentor's influence and gaze.

Will and Adam had had a pathetically normal upbringing. Their parents had divorced, sure, but they didn't try to separate them from each other, and made a conscious effort to stay in their lives.

When their mother had moved to Virginia, it had been harder, but their dad put them on a train, like clockwork, every second weekend and every summer vacation to spend time with her.

It had been hard on all of them when she'd passed away.

They had gone through every stereotypical twin phase; being dressed the same, being dressed as opposites, choosing their own styles when they were old enough and making sure they didn't match. They'd liked different subjects at school, had a different circle of friends each - which was to say, neither had many - and enjoyed separate extra curriculars.

But there was never a time, not a single moment, when Will did not love his brother.

He knew Adam loved him, too. He wouldn't say it outright, but it was clear in the way he'd offer to go with Will to buy supplies for his fishing lures even though Adam hated the shops, it was clear in the way Adam would always try Will's cup of coffee, even though he hated coffee. Adam doted in Will as much as Will did on him, but in his own quiet subtle way.

When their mom had died, Adam took it harder than Will had. Will could express his emotions outwardly, play loud music to quiet the noise in his head. Adam suffered in silence, occasionally lashed out and broke things, smashed a mirror with his head.

It was Will who held him, tight and close, even as Adam screamed for him to let go. Will who'd patched up the cut on Adam's forehead and taken the blame for the mirror.

It was Will who at the tender age of fifteen had his first wet dream and realized it had prominently featured Adam. Will who hated his own mind after that, for corrupting something so normal to something depraved. But the dreams never stopped.

They had flooded him, overwhelmed him, brought him to shameful orgasms and even more shameful secrecy. They had made it nearly impossible to look at Adam for too long, lest Will lose himself entirely to fantasy.

And now, they flooded Adam. Not detailed, not at first. At first his dreams were nothing but heat and need, and he would wake up pressed tight against Will's back and suddenly need to shove back and give himself space.

But then a week passed, and each of them were taken by Hannibal again, and things suddenly sharpened.

Adam liked Hannibal. He spent as much time with them as possible, while still leaving them time alone with just each other. He debated back and forth with Will, indulged Adam's tangents about his own interests, and brought gifts as often as possible. He had whispered once to Adam, in the moment between his teeth and his cock, that if he and Will were very good boys, Hannibal knew a place to see the stars.

Sometimes, though, Hannibal knew things Adam felt he shouldn't. Adam roused once from a hazy, heated dream to Hannibal's hand around his cock, Hannibal's lips at his ear.

"He's beautiful, isn't he?" Hannibal had whispered. Adam hadn't been able to place the dream until just then, but suddenly he saw Will sprawled out beneath him, smiling in a way Adam hadn't seen in years, his curls a halo around his head. "It's alright to want him, sweet boy. You can have anything you want with me."

"I shouldn't want that," Adam told him softly, squirming against Hannibal's hand, "it's wrong, it's -"

"Why?"

Adam wanted to tell him, he did. About incest and the mixing of genes and the mutations in the chromosomes that would result in visible, or worse, invisible, problems later in life.

But it didn't matter. He knew it didn't matter. He came with a fussy little sound of pleasure, accepted Hannibal's kiss with a moan. He dozed against him after, half awake and half in hazy dreams of touching Will's hair and tugging it, listening to him make similar sounds to what Adam did in bed…

When he woke next, Adam was tucked close against Will, spooning him as his brother slept. And he *wanted* . Feeling uncharacteristically brave, Adam reached out to wrap and arm around Will's middle and pull him closer. Will sighed, settling against him completely relaxed.

And he was beautiful. Adam knew that. They were identical twins genetically but they didn't look exactly alike. Will didn't shave sometimes, leaving a shadow on his cheek that Adam now nuzzled against experimentally. Will hummed, arching his back to press impossibly closer to Adam before bringing a hand up to settle over Adam's own at his belly.

"What're you doing?" He sighed.

“I don’t know yet,” Adam told him. He trailed his nose down Will’s jaw, until he could press his lips over Will’s new bitemark, directly mirroring the first one that hadn’t quite faded.

Will went stiff in his arms, his back no longer so perfectly tucked up against Adam’s chest. “Adam…” He said slowly, in a tone that Adam couldn’t quite place, but which sounded unpleasantly like their father.

“It’s okay,” Adam told him, freeing his hand from Will’s and letting it trail down to the apex of Will’s thighs. “Hannibal said it was okay, and he’s the only one who would know.”

“Hannibal says a lot of things,” Will said, trailing off into a gasp when Adam teased tentative fingers over the head of his swelling cock.

They had plenty of clothes to choose from, including things Hannibal had provided hopefully and which Will assured him they would never wear, but Adam tended to overheat, and often slept solely in sleep pants. Will’s idea of nightwear had always been boxers and a t-shirt, regardless of what was available. It made it so very easy for Adam to touch, to run his hand over the smooth plane of Will’s belly, to cup his growing erection with interest. Adam had always wondered if they would be nearly identical there, too.

For a moment, Will thought, *hoped* , that he was dreaming. Then Adam’s teeth grazed his shoulder, leaving indentations over Hannibal’s deeper ones, and Will could hardly think anything at all. He shuddered, body rocking back against Adam’s. Adam took advantage of his distraction to roll him onto his back, straddling Will’s hips.

Will stared up at his brother, who looked back with what was clearly *want* . Adam’s need reflected Will’s own, both their feelings tangled together and reverberating through Will’s body.

“I always thought kissing you would make me feel itchy,” Adam murmured, fingers caressing the stubble of Will’s jaw.

“You haven’t thought about it,” Will insisted in a whisper.

“I have,” Adam told him, “I used to tell myself it was okay to think about it, as long as I didn’t do it. And then there was Hannibal, and so now, none of that really matters, does it? It’s just the three of us now.”

Will knew it was true. He'd known he would never leave, even before Hannibal brought Adam here. He'd known that they would remain together, for as long as…

As long as.

He'd deliberately not thought further.

Now, he drew a hand up Adam's thighs tentatively, flattening his palm down against his brother's leg, feeling his warmth through the thin fabric. His other grazed knuckles over Adam's stomach, smiling when Adam squirmed at the feeling. When he glanced up, Adam was flushed, lips parted to breathe, eyes dark with pleasure.

"Come here," Will told him, unable to stop himself from bending up and meeting Adam halfway with a kiss. It started soft, experimental. Both had been enjoying Hannibal's attentions for several weeks, neither had the excuse of inexperience now, and it took less than a breath for the kiss to deepen, for mouths to open, for sighs to mingle.

Then Will's hand was in Adam's hair and he was falling heavily and deliberately back to the bed and dragging Adam with him.

Will's entire body sang with this. His own pleasure multiplied as he fed off of Adam's, felt just as acutely, just as clearly as his own. He still wasn't used to this strange ability of his; being able to conduct his pleasure and his brother's and Hannibal's through his body like a conduit. It still overwhelmed him.

He moaned against his brother, arching up for more as Adam clung back, hands curious and quick just as Will's were.

They couldn’t seem to touch each other enough. Adam shoved his hands up under Will’s shirt, and Will worked them both out of the rest, until they were naked and touching in every place they could.

Adam explored Will like he had a checklist, starting with his mouth over Will’s throat, a hard suck over his adam’s apple that made Will cry out. From there, he found Will’s shoulders, his hands a few steps ahead, gently caressing Will’s sides.

Will, however, had been mapping this out for years, and knew exactly what he wanted. There was plenty of space in the bed for them to roll, for Will to flip them over and pin Adam onto the sheets. The dreams had not all been the same, but there had been enough in common for Will to be curious about now. If he sucked a pert nipple into his mouth, would Adam whine the way Will had imagined? If he spread Adam’s thighs and kissed a trail down to lap teasingly over his entrance, would it be enough to get him sobbing?

“I want to be inside you,” Will murmured against Adam’s throat, working his way down. “Will you let me? Please, Adam, please tell me you’ll let me.” And then Will found Adam’s nipple, and he did indeed whine exactly the way Will had hoped he would.

Adam nodded, quick and jerking, catching a hand in Will's hair and drawing his nails over his scalp. He'd learned quickly that he liked sex. He loved it. Despite how much touching there

was, how it got messy, how he had to be clean almost immediately after, Adam loved being fucked.

And now Will was touching him and kissing his skin and pressing close and Adam wanted it even more. He shoved against Will's shoulder and smiled when he went, immediately willing, kissing over Adam's belly, to his groin, teasingly avoiding his cock -

"Will,"

Will grinned, bit softly against the base and continued downward, spreading Adam's thighs and burying his face between them with a sound of deep aching need that made them both shiver.

Adam squirmed. Tried to close his legs only because it felt so strange, so good, to have Will between them. He gasped when Will's tongue slipped into him, practiced and hot and deliberate, dropping a hand to stroke himself as his brother - his *brother* - overwhelmed Adam's senses entirely.

Will licked Adam until he was dripping, until he was keening and rocking his hips towards Will's mouth. He could probably come like this, if Will had the patience, but Will had run out of patience the minute Adam began to touch him.

Adam was gasping by the time Will pulled back, wiping his mouth on his arm and digging through the bedside table for lube. Hannibal didn't seem to believe in condoms, but Will guessed it didn't matter since they'd been virgins when he took them. Could vampires even get STDs? Considering they couldn't get broken noses, probably not.

Will braced himself over Adam, his hands in Adam's hair, his mouth nipping along Adam's jaw. Adam moaned beneath him, too far gone for words as he grabbed for Will's rutting cock, helping him guide it in.

They knew each other too well. They moved in what seemed to be perfect sync, a push and pull, back and forth, that finally satisfied the ache they'd both carried for years.

"I love you," Will gasped, "I love you, god I love you, I've always loved you."

"I love you too." Adam hooked a leg around Will's hips, crying out as Will grazed over his prostate on nearly every thrust. "Will, I'm not going to last."

"Good," Will gasped, ducking his head to nuzzle against Adam's collarbone, his pace faltering, growing erratic as he pushed himself closer and closer, Adam's desperation mingling with is own. "I want to make you come, wanna make you come for me…"

Adam threw an arm out to the side, a needy clutching of sheets that did little more than mess them up, but as he turned his head to gaze at his knuckles, white with tension, a familiar form came to focus just beside the door.

Hannibal stood, silent, steady, overwhelming in just the power of his presence and *watched.* Watched as Will caught a hand beneath Adam's knee and opened him wider, watched as

Adam arched up with a whimper and came, hard, eyes still on Hannibal over Will's shifting shoulder, watching back.

Will shuddered through it with him, feeling Adam's pleasure overcome him like a blaze before it faded, leaving him over-sensitive, overstimulated, aching for his own release which came not a breath after. He pushed deep into Adam, pulsing his release, reaching for Adam's hand to hold and squeezing when he found it.

Too much, just too much. And so good Will could cry for it, he could already feel the sting of tears on the corners of his eyes, the hitch in his breathing.

Then a hand landed soft in his hair and Will did sob, shivering as Hannibal touched him, as his other hand moved to similarly soothe and caress his brother. Will felt like his skin was too small of his bones. Like he would fly apart with just how whole and right he felt.

"Beautiful," Hannibal breathed, and Will threw himself at him, clutching desperately to Hannibal's arms. He'd been overwhelmed before, over the past few weeks, and Hannibal had always made it better, made it easier. Somehow, Will had come to depend on Hannibal. And on Adam. He could not imagine, now, a world where Hannibal let them go. Took them home and left Will alone in his cramped dorm room, without Adam's touch or Hannibal's teeth.

Hannibal crawled into bed with both of his boys, scooping them up to sprawl alongside him, one under each arm. Adam radiated a pleased exhaustion, though he had only looks of concern for Will.

Will's feelings were more complex, years of guilt and shame twisted in amongst pleasure and love. Adam had taken Hannibal's reassurances at face value, but Will was still waiting for the rug to be pulled out from under him.

Hannibal had come to fetch Adam tonight, but he fed more than he needed to anyway, with both boys available and eager for him. He would not leave Will alone with his own mind, not when it was too clever by half and never stopped racing.

It took several long minutes for Will to stop crying, his face tucked into Hannibal's chest and his hand still gripping Adam's tightly. Adam watched him with some trepidation.

"You should bite him," Adam finally told Hannibal, "That always makes him feel better."

Hannibal hummed, drew an affectionate hand through Adam's hair. They were so different, truly, though their eyes sought him just the same, begged for affection and acceptance and adoration that Hannibal was unwilling to deny them.

"It might do more harm than good right now, my darling," he said softly. "Your brother has a brilliant mind -"

"I know," Adam agreed softly, squeezing Will's hand, watching him over Hannibal's chest.

"He takes what we perceive, what all of us sense, and feels it twofold. He becomes us, you and me, and stays himself, and experiences all of what we experience at once."

Adam's eyes widened, watching Will until his brother closed his eyes, trying to hide from him. When Hannibal walked fingers gently over and over Will's spine he looked up again, biting his lip as he looked at Adam.

"I can feel you with him," he murmured, pleased to see Adam blush at the thought. It made him smile, coy. "Every shiver, every squirm… you like it when you get to come twice. You'll be the end of me."

"It feels good," Adam protested, now tucking his own face against Hannibal's chest. Will squeezed his hand until Adam looked up again, feeling a wave of warm affection amplified by everyone in the room.

"I want to feel you," Will told his brother, "I want to always know what you're feeling."

"I feel you too," Adam murmured, "I don't always understand what I'm feeling. Except when Hannibal takes you with him," He added with a small smile, "That feeling is distinctive."

The thought came to both of them, but it was Will who turned accusing eyes on Hannibal. "That's how you do it," He said, "That's how you knew about the dreams. That's why you always stop bickering with me when I start to get angry."

"It came easier to me," Hannibal admitted, "As it does to all of my kind, that I've seen." Hannibal hadn't felt guilt in years, and he didn't now. The blood ties that bound them allowed him to check on Will and Adam even from a distance, to know how much blood he could take before he hurt one of them. And what secrets they'd been keeping, from him and from each other.

"That's cheating," Adam decided. "How am I supposed to keep up with either of you?"

"Don't," Will said firmly, before Hannibal even had a chance to reassure. "Don't try to be me. Or Hannibal. Dear god, *please* don't try to be Hannibal."

Most likely, Hannibal should have taken offense, but Will was flooding him with such a distinctly amused pleasure that Hannibal allowed that to take over, instead.

"I believe your brother is trying to ask you to be yourself," Hannibal told Adam, "Though he seems to have lost his manners somewhere along the way."

"Will does that," Adam told him, "Has he called you an asshole yet?"

Will groaned, burying a laugh into Hannibal's chest. It shouldn't be this easy. It never had been.

But it was. For some reason, this was.

The house was as close to a mansion as Adam could imagine. They'd had a comfortably large house as a family, but never anything like this. There were rooms upon rooms, all beautifully

furnished, though no one used them. Some were covered in white sheets like the ghosts of a life once lived, others stood dusty and silent.

A month - and Adam only knew because Hannibal had brought home a newspaper one evening with the groceries for them - after their disappearance, Hannibal gave them free reign of the house. Will and Adam took to this with ravenous attention, scouring the floors and stairways, declaring certain rooms their favourite, closing doors to others without looking back again.

Will brought Adam to hysterics, making up stories of the kinds of people who would live in the rooms beyond the closed doors, down to the most mundane detail. He was certain Hannibal knew, because he always *knew* , but Will never saw fit to share his observations with the man of the house.

The library became their refuge if they were awake during the day. While it hosted books that were far too precious and old to have been in libraries beyond the house, Hannibal made sure to bring new literature for his boys to enjoy. The most up to date scientific works for Adam to peruse, academic papers on psychology for Will. Novels. Journals.

The longer the three of them shared each other, the easier it became for Will to ease his jealousy. Adam always came back to him, slept curled up with him like they hadn't since they were little. Hannibal always worshipped Will the way he had the first night he'd had him. Bringing Will to the most agonizing pleasure, whispering how much he adored him and treasured him.

Life, as it was, was good.

It was good for Hannibal, as well.

Life had always been good for Hannibal, after a certain point. Before the bite, there were memories that ached no matter how many centuries went by, but afterwards, Hannibal had never had any trouble. He invested well, and regularly inherited from himself every few decades.

He would not have said he was lonely. Loneliness was something that happened to other people. Hannibal knew a few of his kind, enough to visit once in a long while, and he occasionally liked to dabble in human social hierarchies, but Hannibal's pleasures were often taken for a week or so at a time and then devoured. Before the boys, the longest he'd kept a meal was perhaps a month, and he had not been quite so coddled.

And then Will. Hannibal had meant to take his pleasure there, as well. To lock Will into his own mind, give him nothing to think of but Hannibal, and fuck and feast until the blood ran dry and there was another body to dump into the bay. But Will, beautifully empathetic Will, had been immune to Hannibal's eyes. False feelings could not be forced upon him. There was no room when he was carrying the feelings of everyone he spoke to.

And of course, he was brilliant. Hannibal sometimes regretted that he'd so disrupted Will's education. Given free reign of the house, Will was often impossible to pull from the library, just as he'd been when Hannibal first found him. Hannibal would come to Will, instead, and

Will would curl up with him on one of the couches and read allowed to Hannibal, stopping on occasion to correct or entirely deride something in the book. Hannibal had, on occasion, presented Will with an opinion he did not hold, merely to feel Will's ire bubble within Hannibal's chest, to watch his passion and fierceness overwhelm him. Sometimes the discussion went on for hours, until Will inevitably picked up on Hannibal's amusement and, on occasion, whacked him with the book.

Once in a while, the twins' sleep schedules would differ. For a day or two Adam would return to his diurnal self, sitting by open windows and staring at the sun-drenched back garden. He didn't feel anything in particular on those days, he liked the sun, it was warm and pleasant, but it was just as lovely to spend the evening in Hannibal's bed curled up and cozy.

Adam had never been good at talking to people. He'd always been good at talking to Will, but he didn't think that counted. With Hannibal, he rarely felt the pang of embarrassment when he spoke too quickly or too much, because Hannibal never seemed uninterested. He would hold Adam perched on his thighs, looking up at him from his prone position, and tell him of the developments in science since Hannibal's time until the present. He would offer examples of his own life when Adam asked question, would curiously listen and take in the information Adam gave him from his own research and experience.

Hannibal, while not entirely a hermit to the world, wasn't fully up to date with its latest technologies. He didn't need them. So when Adam explained his work, his studies, his hopes for the future of technology and humanity, he listened as avidly as Adam listened to him discuss the first telescope he had looked through.

Hannibal grew fascinated watching them interact, too. The way Will teased Adam almost mercilessly, the way Adam would shut down his showing off with a casual mention of what truly happened as Will was in the middle of a story. They were siblings, entirely, terrible and wonderful boys.

And Hannibal could feel their affection for him. He could feel that when Adam reached out to him, drawing their fingers together, it wasn't to substitute Will in his mind, but to feel Hannibal against him. He could feel when Will told him he loved him without using those words, his own chest swelling with affection and choking him.

It was accidental, but unavoidable. There was, entirely, too much emotion in the air for any one man to deal with. To spread it out amongst the three of them made it more reasonable. Hannibal's affections melded with the boys', and theirs with his, until it was altogether impossible to tell where they ended and began.

Sometimes, Hannibal would rouse in the middle of the day. He did not technically need as much sleep as he got during the seasons where days were long, but slept mainly out of habit. He knew the boys only slept for a handful of hours, that Will slept fitfully, if at all, unless Hannibal or Adam soothed him back under. Still, when the sun rose, everyone in the house tucked themselves into bed. Hannibal would wake after an hour or two and stand in the doorway of the boys' bedroom, no longer kept locked, and watch them dream.

They dreamt both separately and entwined, sometimes sharing an experience across the both of them. They had never done so with Hannibal, this being one area where their years

together gave them the advantage over Hannibal's years alone. They were just as comfortable in each other's minds as their own, and their dreams reflected that. Hannibal could not see all of them, but he could catch flashes here and there, following storylines that flickered by faster than he could catch them.

Often, they dreamt about each other, sometimes in fits of passion, sometimes in the softened pleasure that comes just from knowing someone, from reaching out and finding someone reaching back.

Sometimes, they dreamt about him, and it had startled Hannibal to realize that these dreams, as well, were not entirely sexual. That sometimes he lingered in their minds, correlated with nothing but affection.

Hannibal had known they loved him. They radiated it every time they were together. But neither had ever said so, and Hannibal had wondered how much was them and how much was the affection forced by the marks on their throat.

"You'll catch flies, standing there with your mouth open like that." Half asleep, Will blinked up at Hannibal the fourth or fifth night he wandered into their room. He nudged Adam back on the bed, holding up a corner of the blankets for Hannibal. Adam moved, barely waking, in tune to his brother's needs and demands even in the throes of sleep.

Hannibal slipped into the bed between them, finding himself suddenly pinned beneath both boys. They were out again within a minute, Will's breath warm against Hannibal's throat, Adam's beating heart against Hannibal's side. The three of them slept until the sun sunk low on the horizon.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

A rough voice in his ear, "If I ever catch you doing something like that again, little one, I won't bite you for a month."

Will gets impatient sometimes... and Hannibal has to control the uncontrollable young adults in his care.

Chapter Notes

A lot of empathy abuse (it's consensual) in this one guys, and a lot of orgasms. Who needs refractory periods?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes, Will became impatient.

No, he was always impatient. Always needed to be doing something or thinking about something or going somewhere. Having Adam constantly near had spoiled him, and while their proximity hadn't changed, their dynamic had.

There were certain things that Will got from Hannibal that Adam was simply unable to give him. Yet… when the ache grew too much, when his patience waned…

"Will, I'm not going to bite you."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not Hannibal and my teeth won't break the skin like his do."

Will shuffled closer to Adam anyway, half crouched half kneeling at his feet as his brother read. It was very late afternoon, but still a good few hours before Hannibal normally rose and spent time with him. Will was wired.

"You could bite over the ones he's made already," he offered. "Don't tell me you haven't tried to bite him in play before." Adam just looked at him. Will decided not to press further on that. "Please?"

"I don't want to drink your blood." Adam set his book aside with a sigh. He could already tell that he was going to lose this argument. He generally did, even if Will didn't try to pull the

‘big brother’ card.

“You don’t have to drink,” Will wheedled, his hands on Adam’s knees, slowly sliding up his thighs, “Just bite as hard as you can, and I’ll give you anything you want.”

Adam sighed, leaning back in his chair. “Get up here.”

Hannibal woke to a sudden surge of discomfort that was not his own. Generally, he was able to partition himself off from the boys, rather than have his mind be a constant mess of feelings, particularly Will’s typically overwhelming surge. Today, the discomfort and concern was too much to be ignored. Hannibal let Adam’s feelings wash over him, and then reached for Will.

Will was not at all concerned, which meant that whatever was happening with Adam, Will was at the head of it. He was typically protective of Adam, coddling him far more than was necessary, but they were still brothers, and more than once Hannibal had needed to seperate them when the bickering got out of hand.

Will was pure adrenaline, anticipation. A slow burn of arousal, but very little. Hannibal sighed and slid out of bed. He’d have to go take care of this before they were shouting again.

In the library, Will straddled Adam’s lap, his hands cradling Adam’s jaw. Adam only had the one mark, constantly refreshed and never fully healed, but Will’s throat had half a dozen, a variety of places Hannibal had nuzzled into and given Will bliss. Will brought Adam’s head to the freshest, the one that would be easiest to reopen. “Right here, Adam, come on, you can do it.”

Adam sighed deeply, shifted a little in his seat. For a moment, Hannibal waited beyond the door, curious to see what would happen. He knew he would be fast enough to stop Adam should he actually attempt, poorly-formed human teeth made not for delicate bites like his own but for tearing flesh and sinew.

But Adam hesitated. Will’s whine would have been proof enough if his frustration wasn’t radiating through Hannibal. So he pushed the door open slowly with two fingers and raised an eyebrow when Will turned to look over his shoulder with wide eyes, following Adam’s immediate tension at seeing Hannibal first.

“Will asked me to -”

“- I didn’t do anything.”

“Will.” Hannibal’s tone was low enough to be a vibration, low enough to feel rather than hear, and the boy shrank a little against his brother.

“We were just playing,” he tried again, softer, almost trying to pacify, if Hannibal couldn’t feel the excitement that radiated from him. When Hannibal lifted a hand and gestured for Will to come to him, he pressed even closer to his brother. Adam’s response was to nuzzle him and start to shove him off his lap.

“I told you he wouldn’t like it.”

Will shot Adam a murderous glare, as if he thought somehow he’d get away with it if Adam didn’t say anything. He stumbled to his feet, arms wrapped around himself. He was good at this, play-acting at being some small, timid thing. He liked to feel like Hannibal towered over him. Hannibal indulged the fantasy by snapping his fingers and pointing to the space in front of him.

“Will,” he said, voice quiet enough to make Will shudder, “Now.”

Will came forward, blinking blue eyes up at Hannibal, reflecting virgin innocence Hannibal had stripped him off months ago. Hannibal wrapped his fingers around Will’s upper arm, pulling him in close enough to press lips to his ear. “What were you up to, naughty thing?”

“I-I wasn’t-” Will stammered, silencing himself when Hannibal nipped lightly at the lobe of his ear, half reprimand, half distraction. Will’s entire being focused in on Hannibal’s mouth, his eyes slightly hazy when Hannibal pulled back.

“And bringing your brother in on your schemes, as well?” Hannibal tsked, “Would you have left him to be punished for your sins? And you, the elder brother, meant to be looking out for him.”

“I told him I didn’t want to,” Adam insisted, ever a good boy, even when he fell under Will’s charms. Hannibal gave him a stern look that was wasted on Adam, who merely stared back.

“You should take your book and go back to your room, Adam,” Hannibal told him. “I will take Will back to mine, and he will fetch you for a meal when I’m finished with him.”

Adam considered them both for a moment before moving to obey, walking past Will with a raised brow like he so often had when Will had gotten in trouble with dad at home. Will had to resist the urge to poke his tongue out at him. He was above that, surely, by now. When Adam left, Will swallowed, turned his eyes up to Hannibal again.

“We didn’t think you’d be up for a while…”

“That was your reasoning?” Hannibal’s smile was impossible to hide, and Will grinned back, chagrined. “You were goading Adam into something very dangerous, terrible boy.”

“It wouldn’t have been that bad.”

“Your teeth are not made to bite, Will they’re made to tear,” he raised a brow, caught Will’s chin when he tried to duck his head. “I won’t let this slide,”

“We didn’t even do anything -”

“Will.”

“He chickened out and -”

“ *Will* .”

“Are you going to punish me, Hannibal, really?”

Hannibal’s expression smoothed to something almost inhuman with how beautiful he looked. It was the closest Will could see of glamor, the only part that filtered through, once in a while. He bit his lip.

“Tell me, Will, am I?”

Will swallowed, and Hannibal could feel that heat in him, that adrenaline splitting to cover both nervousness and arousal. He lifted Will’s chin higher, stepped nearer.

“To my room, Will. undress and wait for me.”

Will wanted to tell him no, to demand Hannibal catch him first if he wanted to punish him so badly. He could tell by the smile on Hannibal’s face that he was waiting for just such a complaint, for the ‘sass’ he so frequently chided Will for.

“That’s cheating,” Will told him, a common complaint from poor Adam, who could feel as much as both of them but interpret only some of it. Emotions felt differently for all of them, and Adam’s guesses were often very slightly off. Hannibal’s were always unerringly accurate.

“Will.” Hannibal raised an eyebrow. Will turned on his heel and went for Hannibal’s bedroom, feeling sufficiently chided and severely displeased about it.

Will was naked when Hannibal arrived, having first checked on Adam. Some of his bravado had faded, replaced with a nervous excitement that Hannibal would have been able to *taste* , even without his advantage. He stood with his arms behind his back, staring up at Hannibal with an attempt at defiance that looked more like hesitance. Hannibal settled onto the bed.

Will looked momentarily hopeful. He approached any kind of intimacy with an enthusiasm that occasionally made Hannibal worry for him. Feeding Hannibal was his preferred method, but Will welcomed sex just as eagerly.

Hannibal patted his thigh. “Over my lap.”

Will swallowed, stepping nearer. He knew what Hannibal wanted of him, but still tried to straddle him first, reaching to kiss him and sighing when Hannibal caught him by the hair and held him at bay. He didn’t say anything, he didn’t need to. And Will met his eyes for just a moment before slipping from his lap and moving to obey as Hannibal wanted him to.

Will hadn’t grown up with corporal punishment, but he was hardly ignorant of it. He’d watched pornography, he’d entertained fantasies of such things before. As he bent over Hannibal’s lap he squirmed, his cock already growing hard just with the thought that he was about to be *spanked* by someone, by *Hannibal* , for being a bad boy.

“It is unfortunate that certain methods have grown out of favor with society,” Hannibal sighed, “lack of discipline transcends age, dear boy. It is as much the fault of those who came before you as yours. Perhaps I should have started this sooner.”

He didn't warn Will before spanking him hard enough to cause Will to jerk forward in surprise. It wasn't nearly hard enough to hurt.

"Aversion is an effective form of dissuasion," Hannibal struck him again, the other cheek this time, and harder. "Avoiding pain is a major part of human survival." Another, this one Will made a sound after, soft and bitten back. "The harsher the pain, the less likely the repetition of unwanted behaviour."

'Oh?" Will swallowed down another sound, and it wasn't a sound of pain. He wanted to say something clever, he wanted to squirm free and make Hannibal hit him harder. But more than anything, he wanted to take this for him, show him he could, and would, be a good boy for him.

Will had a desperate, aching desire to please that he'd grown up with and had never managed to shake. It was why he studied so hard. Why he pushed himself to his body's limits. Why he ached for every single touch he could earn, from anyone. As Hannibal continued to spank him, faster, harder, Will's cock arched up against Hannibal's leg and he tried to rut forward to gain friction.

Hannibal caught Will around the throat gently, lifting his head so he couldn't hide his face, couldn't hide the sounds he was so desperate to try and control.

"This is punishment, Will." Hannibal told him, tone amused and warm. "Perhaps I'm not quite making my point." The next strike was much harder, it stung and sang against Will's thigh and he cried out against his better judgement.

"I'm sorry, D-" he squirmed harder, face immediately bright-cheeked, lips pressed together. "Hannibal. I'll be good."

Hannibal caught it. Of course he did. Hannibal had a way of slipping right in under Will's defenses, into spaces that Will hadn't wanted anyone else to see. He lifted Will just a bit further, until Will had to brace his hands on Hannibal's thigh, afraid to lose his balance.

"Do we keep secrets now, darling?" Hannibal nuzzled against Will's cheek, dragging his lips down over his jaw. His free hand came down sharply, startling a squeak from Will, but no words. Hannibal let Will down again, red faced as he planted his hands back against the ground. "That wasn't an answer, sweet boy." Hannibal brought his hand down against the place where Will's ass met his thigh, and then he pinched the reddened spot firmly. Will yelped and squirmed, panting when Hannibal let go.

"No one in this family gets to have any secrets," Will muttered towards the ground. A slip of the tongue. He'd meant to complain about the ways they were linked, and instead given Hannibal more ammunition. Hannibal caressed the round curve of Will's backside, gone pleasantly pink, but not yet the red Hannibal preferred.

"And yet here you are, trying to hide things from me." Hannibal struck him four more times in rapid succession, alternating sides and drawing out the red shape of his handprints. Will marked up so beautifully. Hannibal wanted to bite right into the meat of him, draw out all the blood that had come to the surface.

Will's fingernails dug into the carpet, roughly enough to pull fibers up from their mooring. He had gotten away with it for a while, secrets kept only to his dreams, fantasies that he was careful to hide, sharing only the pleasure with his inquisitive lovers. It seemed unfair that it was his own tongue betraying him now, after so much time. Will shook his head. "I'm not hiding-"

Hannibal had never been a fan of interruptions, constantly lecturing Will, and occasionally Adam, on their etiquette, but he cracked his hand so hard against Will's ass that it was audible, a sharp, echoing snap in the cavernous room. Will cut himself off with a squeak, throwing a mortified look over his shoulder. Hannibal looked unimpressed.

"I don't tolerate lies, Will. You should know that by now. I've always encouraged your honesty, even when you've shied from yourself. Especially then."

Will made a helpless noise as Hannibal continued to punish him. And it *was* punishment, now. It hurt. It hurt in a way that made Will's stomach tense, that made his head spin, that hardened his cock despite his best efforts to not respond.

Part of him wanted to tell Hannibal. What harm could it do? Perhaps at worst a moment of embarrassment, he could ask him not to tell Adam, could not mention it to Adam at all, actually, because he hardly needed to know. He hardly needed to think was even more weird because he wanted to -

"I'm sorry," he gasped out again, pressing his face to his arm to stifle another helpless pained sound. Hannibal hit him harder. "I'm sorry I -" harder. Will sobbed. "I'm sorry, Daddy, I'll be good!"

Hannibal's hand returned to the hot skin, but not to harm, stroking over Will's trembling form as he soothed the pain he'd caused him. Will whimpered loudly and clung to Hannibal's pants.

"There's my good boy," he murmured, smiling when Will arched up into his hand, seeking more touch, be it soft or cruel. "There's Daddy's good boy."

Will sobbed harder, body trembling as Hannibal hoisted him up, guiding Will to straddle his lap the way he'd tried to before. "Nooo," Will whined as Hannibal guided his head to rest against his shoulder. He felt stupid, somehow, wrong. Hannibal ran a soothing hand down Will's spine, and then cupped that hand over Will's red and aching backside.

"No secrets, Will," Hannibal told him. "Not from Daddy. I'll always find out, won't I?"

Will drew in a shuddery breath, wiping tears out of his eyes. "Y-yes, Daddy," he murmured. He was still hard, pressed against Hannibal's stomach now. Unavoidable. No secrets.

Hannibal's lips found Will's shoulder, trailing kisses. "This is how it will be from now on. Naughtiness will be punished. But good boys get rewards, and I think such a confession deserves one." He shifted them, helping Will to lay on his back on the bed. Will shifted with a little whine, looking up at Hannibal with wide, red rimmed eyes. When Hannibal crawled over him, kicking off his sleep pants as he went, Will shut his eyes with a relieved little sigh.

Will was always such a needy, hedonistic little thing. He arched beneath Hannibal even before he was touched, too impatient to wait. Hannibal pressed their bare chests together, licking into Will's mouth, tasting salt and craving more of it.

Will welcomed him in, arms languid around Hannibal's shoulders, knees drawn up, toes pressed to the bed to elevate his sore bottom even a little. Will's confession, Hannibal's ready acceptance of it… Will had to wonder how long Hannibal had known for, how long he had sat on that knowledge, waiting for Will to break on his own.

And it wasn't like he'd thought of his *father* . Will might have been a vice-ridden deviant for wanting to pound his twin brother into the bed but he didn't want to do his *dad* .

But the protection Hannibal offered, the encouragement, and time, and love. He doted on the two of them, outside of the bedroom, like they were his family, like he cared what happened to them, like he wanted to see them do well and be in their lives. There was comfort in that. There was safety in it that Will hadn't felt before. Even now it was so new, so foreign that he was scared to reach out and touch it, in case it vanished like the delicate film of a soap bubble.

Hannibal kissed down Will's throat, avoiding another bite even as Will whined and tried to grasp him closer, tried to make him. He wriggled when Hannibal stopped moving, opened his eyes to see the man watching him, amused, aroused, *waiting.*

Will licked his lips.

"Please bite me, Daddy, I've been good," he shivered, cheeks immediately flaring red at that title again. But he liked it. He liked how it made him feel like he's was freefalling, like he would be caught at the bottom. "I took my punishment…"

"You did," Hannibal agreed, kissing wet sloppy things against Will's stomach. "And what did you learn?"

"I shouldn't lie to Daddy."

Hannibal drew a hand down Will's thigh, grasped it gently to widen his legs. "Try again, sweet boy."

Will made a soft little sound of need. "I won't lie to Daddy again," he rephrased.

"That's better." Hannibal praised, kissing the hollow of Will's hip, down to the tendon that stood stark, joining hip to leg. "Daddy's proud of you, baby boy." He kissed over Will's trembling pulse, over silken skin he so often explored when Will was panting and undone in bed. And then he drew his lips back, set his teeth to Will's inner thigh, and *bit* .

A spark of pain, so bright and white-hot as to be overwhelming. Will had been bitten dozens of times by now, and it never grew any lesser. If anything, it got worse, each burst of pleasure more intoxicating than the last.

It was better here than at his throat, with Hannibal's mouth so close to where Will ached to be touched, to be kissed and licked and fucked. Hannibal drew in long, slow mouthfuls of Will's essence, each swallow another pulse of pleasure.

"Daddy," Will gasped, barely aware that he had done so, "Daddy, *please* ."

Hannibal hummed into his skin, pulling back to draw his tongue over little droplets of blood. Will squirmed under his mouth, and Hannibal shifted up a little more, until he could go no higher, and bit a second mark into Will's skin.

Will's heels dug into Hannibal's shoulders, his thighs clutching tight around Hannibal's neck. He grew weaker with every swallow, but the pleasure still built, onwards and onwards. Hannibal's thumb trailed over Will's dry entrance, a teasing promise, and that was it.

Will came in agonizing waves of pleasure, his lips forming words that didn't come, drowned out by gasping moans. And still Hannibal fed from him, holding Will down when he writhed, nursing at his thighs until Will's toes were numb and his hands fell useless to the bedspread. Only once Will ceased to cling to him did Hannibal pull away, nuzzling against the suck-bruises he'd left and breathing in lungfuls of Will's scent.

"Beautiful boy," He whispered against Will's quivering thighs, "Open up for Daddy."

Will did, weakly drawing up his knees and letting them fall open, chest rising and falling on panted breaths as he floated in absolute ecstasy. He didn't know what it was about the biting, what it was about that connection that absolutely undid him every time Hannibal fed. He was addicted to it.

When he felt Hannibal's tongue hot against him Will sobbed, a dry and shuddering sound, and closed his eyes.

As Hannibal made love to him, Will pressed chest-down on the bed with his hips raised up, he whispered praise and adoration. This was the part Will loved almost as much as Hannibal feeding from him. No one but Adam had ever spoken to him so softly, had ever held him so close. Even their parents, though far from unaffectionate, hadn't been a 'cuddly' family. But Hannibal… even outside of the sex, he reached out to touch Will, to stroke his hair to caress his skin. He welcomed Will close, to sit against him, to doze with his head in his lap as Hannibal read aloud. He seemed to not only welcome Will's touch but crave it as much as Will craved his, and that in itself was miraculous.

He wondered, for a moment, if this was what happiness felt like.

Will was barely coherent by the time Hannibal worked him to a second orgasm, sobbing in earnest this time and begging *Daddy, please, please* - in a raw and broken voice. He wasn't even sure he was conscious by the time Hannibal pulled out of him, hazy in pleasure-pain and trembling. He was exhausted. He was as close to exsanguinated as Hannibal ever allowed his boys to get, and it was bliss.

A rough voice in his ear, "If I ever catch you doing something like that again, little one, I won't bite you for a month."

Will didn't have it in him to protest. He'd gotten everything he wanted, and then some, so it was hard to feel any guilt at all. Besides that, the room was fuzzy when he opened his eyes, and swaying. He closed them again, let Hannibal coax him under into sleep with a warm, broad hand on his belly.

Will was always so wonderfully pliant afterwards. Adam was sweet in the aftermath of a feeding, but Hannibal had never drained him the way he preferred to drain Will, and Adam had never quite taken to it the same way. Adam preferred the sex afterwards.

Hannibal brought Will to the room first, tucking him into bed under Adam's watchful eye. Then the meal he'd promised, a light breakfast of eggs and sausage for Adam, and broth for sweet Will, who let Hannibal cradle him in his arms and feed him spoonfuls with his eyes still shut. Adam had a bit of a pout on his lips through the whole thing, and Hannibal picked up on his jealousy with some amusement. Jealousy was usually Will's area of expertise.

"Out with it, darling," Hannibal said, tucking Will back into the far side of the bed. "I can't help you if you don't tell me what's wrong."

The beauty of Adam was that he would. He would answer Hannibal's questions in exacting detail, when Will would prefer to dodge and evade until Hannibal forced the words from his lips.

"It was supposed to be my turn," Adam told him, "You bit him on Monday. Now he gets more alone time with you because he's *bad* ?"

They all relished their time together as a group, but equally, Hannibal knew his boys enjoyed the opportunity to curl up with each other away from Hannibal's watchful eyes. He had not considered that they might grow equally attached to their time alone with *him* .

"Your brother doesn't have the enviable ability, as you do, to properly follow instructions. Educating him is a much more hands on activity," Hannibal replied, moving to sit beside Adam, their proximity enough to bring Adam nearer, dragging his heavy chair along the floor until they were close enough to touch.

"I can be bad," Adam mumbled, and Hannibal had to laugh, stroking through his hair. It was growing longer, almost unruly if it wasn't so beautiful.

"That is not the message I had hoped you'd take away from this."

Adam made a fussy sound but didn't say anything more. It wasn't that he was *jealous* of Will, not really. They had shared so many things in their lives that sharing Hannibal hadn't come as a particular shock - him being a centuries-old vampire aside, of course. But Adam *liked* the attention. He liked that Hannibal enjoyed his company, that he enjoyed listening to Adam and telling him things. And he liked the sex. He liked it a lot. It was different to when he and Will did it, though that was just as nice, and Adam wanted it as often as either were able to summon the strength or mood. It was different because it was *Hannibal* .

When Hannibal leaned closer to nuzzle Adam's hair he preened, tilting his head up and smiling, eyes hooded in pleasure. Small hands reached to press to Hannibal's chest, his

clothes unrumpled despite having taken Will apart not an hour before. He seemed always to be impeccable. That was another thing Adam liked about him so much; that constant, that predictability of what Hannibal was and was not.

Hannibal looked over to Will, he was breathing evenly, nestled in the blankets, and just a little pale. He wasn't worried for him, Will had a remarkable ability to bounce back from particularly intense feedings. But an idea did creep up that made Hannibal smile, an idea that he murmured softly to Adam as both turned to look at his brother.

"A punishment should be remembered. Something that hurts just enough to make you not want to misbehave again, yes?"

Adam nodded, turning his cheek against Hannibal's shoulder as he looked at Will. He didn't want Will to *hurt* , but he didn't want him to keep getting away with being bad. It really wasn't fair how often he got away with it when Adam couldn't even summon up the idea to be bad in the first place.

"The mind remembers pleasurable experiences far deeper than painful ones. And all pleasure can crest on pain... So I think it is only right that Will feels your displeasure, as he did mine." He kissed Adam's temple, down to his cheek, to his jaw, tilting his chin to kiss him properly until Adam was wriggling against him, pleased and needy. "I will not feed on you today, dear boy, but I will have you. Play with you until it's just too much… and then perhaps a little more."

Adam was a good, obedient boy, but he was eager. Moreso than Will, who knew his charms and what he could coax from Hannibal; Adam threw himself into intimacy as if absolutely certain it would be snatched away if he wasn't fast enough. He climbed into Hannibal's lap, a slightly difficult task thanks to the high arms of the chairs. Hannibal chuckled against his cheek, his hands tracing Adam's spine just under his shirt. Adam's eyes were bright, wanting. Hannibal saw no need to make him wait.

Some things about Hannibal continued to surprise Adam. He always expected his hands to be either warmer or colder than they were. They ran at a moderate temperature, neither human warmth nor the icy coldness of the dead. His strength, too, seemed impossible for a man his size, but he lifted both Adam and Will like they were children, without the slightest bit of hesitation. He lifted Adam now, encouraging Adam to wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist. Adam chased his mouth, wanting, *demanding* affection, now that he knew he could have it.

They fell to the bed together, Hannibal between Adam's thighs, already working on the buttons of Adam's shirt. Adam arched his back to feel Hannibal's arousal, thick and hot already. Feeling desired, feeling loved… These things had fit into Adam's life so easily, when once he'd thought they might be difficult.

Hannibal eased Adam out of his clothes with soft, unhurried kisses, but he was resistant when it came to his own. "Allow me my fun first, little one," He whispered against Adam's collarbone, "And then, when you are tired and panting and aching, when you have already been pushed to the limit, *then* I will give you what you so sorely desire."

Adam was of the opinion that he had no limit, that he could take endless waves of pleasure. He'd already taken a moment in bed to himself, feeding off of the pleasure Hannibal and Will brought to each other, and now he was eager for the first-hand experience. He arched his back, welcoming wet kisses to the center of his chest, a thoughtful hum.

Adam squirmed, a sound much like a giggle escaping him before he could stop it as Hannibal eased his tongue over a nipple, teasing the bud to peak before wrapping his lips around it to suck. It felt nice, it usually did. Will had done this to Adam too, though he wasn't as patient as Hannibal was, and Adam didn't mind. He didn't pay much attention to his chest when he was more interested in the sex. But this… this felt different somehow.

It wasn't just a fleeting touch of lips and tongue and breath; Hannibal continued to tease until Adam was sensitive, *very* sensitive. Until he was moving about trying to get away or get closer, just trying to get *more* . When Hannibal pulled back, eyes red and bright and up seeking Adam's, the boy was flushed and half-hard in his pants. He bent to worship the other little nub just as surely, but brought his hand up to continue to torment the nipple he'd left.

This time Adam cried out, heels kicking to the sheets and hands down to tangle in Hannibal's hair, trying to push him away as much as Adam was arching up to feel him more. This was strange and new and bordering on painful and he *liked it* .

"Hannibal -"

He hummed, careful to nip the skin without breaking it, just to feel Adam's back bridge up off the bed. Adam was endless motion, now, trembling and squirming and twisting around. His cock leaked precome to his belly, red and shiny, almost painful too since he'd come not long before. But he wanted it. He needed that again.

" *Hannibal…* "

"Hush darling, let Daddy take care of you,"

"Oh." Adam's father was several hundred miles away in New York City. He was also, Adam was quite sure, not a vampire. But Adam had seen porn, and he was not a stupid boy. It only took a second for Adam to clue in, for his thoughts to get back on track. That was it, the fuzzy, hazy thing Will had been dreaming about, the thing that kept bleeding into Adam's dreams but which Will wouldn't properly share. Adam understood, now.

Hannibal sucked determinedly at one nipple and pinched hard at the other, enough for Adam to squeak, to dig his fingers into Hannibal's hair and cry out towards the ceiling. He knew the game, now. He could play too, if it was going to feel like this.

"Please, Daddy, *please* ."

Hannibal hummed his appreciation, his teeth grazing the bud he'd been abusing as he pulled back. He worked Adam with both hands, alternating between rough tugs, fingernails digging in hard enough to *hurt* , and soft, soothing circles of his thumbs. Adam was gasping. He thought, maybe, he could come just from this, and he wasn't sure he wanted to find out.

A few feet away, Will's eyes fluttered open. He squirmed, awash with pleasure he didn't understand. Tilting his head, he could just barely focus on his brother, the damp parting of his lips, the delicate arch of his spine. Will whined.

Hannibal's laugh was a low purr, when he noticed. He didn't ease up on his torments, he didn't even look over at Will, but his attention was divided for a moment between the boy he was pleasuring and the boy they were punishing together.

He allowed Adam mercy, for just a moment, kissing hot steadying kisses to his sternum as Adam tried to catch his breath. His chest was a mess of red marks but no blood; Hannibal had kept his word. He didn't need to feed again, he was sated enough by the other boy, turning his head almost feverishly in the pillows, that he wouldn't need to for a while.

Hannibal moved back up Adam's body, grasping his hair to gently tug his head back as he set his thigh between Adam's legs for him to rut against.

"Do you think he's enjoying it?" Hannibal whispered, pressed cheek to cheek with Adam as he turned the boy to watch his twin. "So much pleasure after the overwhelm of his own. Feeling every twitch and shiver from you, feeling every desperate little buck of your body as you seek to take your pleasure from me."

"I - I'm -"

"You can come, darling boy, any time you wish, as often as I can make you." Hannibal kissed him, allowing Adam to take it as the stabilizing promise it was meant. Beside them, Will turned to his side and bit the pillow between his teeth, knuckles white where he held to it.

He was lovely.

They both were.

Beautiful, alive, and his. Hannibal could not believe his fortune at having found two such extraordinary creatures in the same lifetime, let alone like this, as they were.

He tugged Adam's bottom lip between his own and nuzzled him, pressing closer as Adam continued to rub himself up against his thigh, breathless with need.

"Come on, my sweet boy, come for Daddy."

Adam spilled over Hannibal's thigh in hot pulses, but it was *Will* who cried out, his body twitching beneath the sheets. Hannibal could smell his release, paltry as it was for his third of the day. Will blinked at them both, his eyes damp. Adam spared him a glance, chest heaving, but Hannibal cupped his jaw and turned his head away.

"Such a good boy," Hannibal told him, licking into his pink mouth, taking his time with Adam until his kisses tilted over the line between sweet and needy, until he was clutching Hannibal's shoulders with both hands.

Hannibal had Adam in his mouth, this time, licking him clean and then swallowing him down while he was still soft and sensitive. He sucked Adam back to full hardness with both his

boys writhing and calling out for *Daddy* . He was particularly pleased with Will for *that* little title, and it was almost enough to earn Will some sympathy. But Hannibal always kept his promises.

Adam didn't last nearly as long this time, coming with a sob into the heat of Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal pulled off to kiss his cheek and to catch Will's hand when it reached for him. His fingers were still cold, struggling to wrap around Hannibal's with any real tension. Hannibal brought them up to his mouth and warmed them with soft kisses while Will struggled for words.

"Please," Will said, "Please, Daddy, I'll be good."

"Once more, naughty thing," Hannibal told him, but he shifted them both on the bed, arranging them to his liking. Adam on his back, thighs spread to welcome Hannibal. Will on his side, tucked under Adam's arm with his head pillowed on his chest. They were beautiful together. Hannibal did not spend enough time just watching the two of them.

Will was crying, when Hannibal opened Adam up, but when Hannibal reached inside himself, he found no fear. Only an overwhelming amount of trust, affection. Adam himself was nervous, but eager. He liked the way it hurt when Hannibal pushed into him, when even an orgasm could be painful.

Hannibal took him slowly, giving Adam a chance to recover even a little of his strength, allowing his seeking fingers to pull his hair and scratch against his arms. Will remained plaint against his brother, turning his head into Adam's shoulder, kissing weakly at his throat as both of them, all of them, worked closer and closer to release.

In his youth, his genuine human youth, Hannibal had enjoyed young men and women in equal measure. He slept with one or several at once, let them penetrate him as often as he took them. That hunger for passion had grown keener with age and time, honing in on the specific things that stuttered Hannibal's heart and made him feel almost human.

There had been some, but few, who had in their lifetimes impressed Hannibal enough for company, for mercy when he had initially sought them for their blood.

None, not a single one, could hold a candle to his boys.

"I can't, Daddy -"

"Please, please let me -"

Words tangled and flowed into each other, a mess of syllables and sobbed vowels that played to Hannibal's ear like a symphony. Adam was shaking, close and tired and the nearest Hannibal had seen him to tears. Will was a broken thing, weeping and pressing to his brother, begging him as much as Hannibal for the mercy of release.

Hannibal wanted to sink his teeth into both of them. He wanted to feed off of them for an eternity, to keep them beside him until the world turned to dust around him. Such brilliant

boys, beautiful in their suffering. Hannibal had not realized he had been waiting, but for decades he had only been passing time until their birth.

Hannibal pushed forward, driving identical, reedy cries from both of them. He had never taken the chance to experiment with the bond they shared, stronger than any he'd ever seen in a thrall. Now, he reached between the two of them, finding Will's red and sensitive cock and stroking it in time with his thrusts.

He pulled sobs from them both, drove them to bitten lips and shaking hands. They grabbed for each other, pained and overwhelmed and altogether perfect.

Hannibal would have happily held out forever, watching them caught in that moment before the fall, that place of suffering just on the edge of relief. In the end, they only made it a minute or so more, Will coming dry and screaming in Hannibal's hand, Adam sobbing as his cock spilled the barest amount of fluid over his stomach.

Hannibal was not a cruel man, and he had much more control over a blood connection than they did. He tamped down what pleasure he sent out, and pulled free, pushing Will flat onto his back beside Adam and stroking himself to completion over both their stomachs.

They lay trembling; sweaty, messy boys, but both were smiling. Hazy shivers of their lips as they turned upwards, eyes closed and chests heaving for breath. Hannibal watched them, allowed himself the time to observe how even semi-conscious they sought for each other's hands.

He left the bed for only a moment, returning with a cloth to clean them both, soothing away sounds of pain and fussiness as he worked. Adam stretched like a cat, limbs every which way and fingers and toes spread in pleasure. Will didn't move much at all, just nuzzled his face into the sheets that smelled like all of them, now.

As Hannibal was tucking the sheets around them, prepared to take away the remnants of their breakfast before returning to sit and read in the chair by their bed and watch over them in slumber, Will reached for him.

Weak fingers, cool touch. Will summoned a deep breath and exhaled it, relishing the touch.

"I love you," he whispered.

Perhaps they, too, had been lost and wandering through lifetimes around him. Perhaps they, too, had been looking and waiting and unsure. But there was no doubt now, if there had been even a modicum left. They were together, now, and together they would remain until the end of time itself.

Chapter End Notes

Check out our Tumblr for kinks and links and pretty things, or just come and say hi!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

> *Hannibal watched the two of them sink to sleep, wrapped around each other and touching him in every way they could. Pale and lovely, exhausted and so human they made Hannibal's chest ache. There was no question that they would be his forever, but he had no desire to take their mortal flame from them so soon. Not for years, at least. Years in which he could sate himself on their pleasure and their taste, years in which they could flourish and grow even more beautiful, years shared together regardless of their mortality and his lack of it.*

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's thighs were shaking, clenched tight around Adam's hips. Adam looked up at him with wide eyes. He'd rested his hands on Will's legs, as though afraid to touch anywhere else, afraid to create any more stimulation for either of them.

"That's it," Hannibal soothed, pushing Will slowly down until he was nearly bent in half, chest-to-chest with Adam. Hannibal rubbed soothing circles over Will's back, rubbing the head of his cock over the base of Adam's until he moaned and fucked up into his brother, hard enough to make Will whine.

"Daddy," Will gasped as Hannibal guided his cock to Will's stretched entrance, "Daddy it's not going to fit."

"It will fit," Hannibal assured him, "You already took my fingers so well, darling."

"I was wrong," Will insisted, but there was more petulance to his voice than fear. Hannibal nudged his way forward, pushing past resistance, until Will's body gave in. Just the head, to start, tight enough that Adam closed his eyes on a whimper. Will reached back, grasping. Hannibal twined their fingers together, giving Will something to hold on to as he eased another inch inside.

Will made a helpless noise and pressed his forehead to Adam's shoulder, trembling as his brother soothed his hair back, kissed the sweaty skin. He felt so full already, he didn't know how he could possibly take more, but he also knew he would. Because he had to. Because he'd asked for this.

He clung to Hannibal with one hand, pressed to Adam with his body, and with his free hand sought the sheets at their side to squeeze into painful tangles as his body slowly accepted both of them inside him. Twinges of pleasure flickered through the pain, and Will's breathing

eased as he felt the overwhelming warmth of the two of them in his mind; the love there, the awe, the adoration.

He pushed himself up, just enough, and spread his legs just that little bit wider, and Hannibal slid fully in, drawing a cry from the two boys beneath him.

It had been Will's idea. Because bad ideas were always Will's idea, according to Adam. He'd wanted to do something special for their birthday, to celebrate the ripe old age of twenty-one, and he knew that Adam wouldn't go on a bender with him. Hell, Hannibal wouldn't either, but his reasons made more sense to Will than his brother's did.

So short of getting wasted and draping themselves over Hannibal's beautiful furniture, Will opted for something a little more intimate. A little more daring. Something Adam had ardently been against trying himself, but had been interested in obliging Will in.

Draping himself over Hannibal's beautiful furniture had become something of a hobby of Will's. He preferred it if the furniture was already occupied. The library had a rather comfortable sofa, and if Hannibal and Adam were cuddled up on it, there was a good chance Will was going to abandon his chair to flop insistently over their laps.

"You're not a cat," Adam told him, but Hannibal merely dropped his hand to Will's stomach and rubbed gently at the skin he'd exposed in his stretch. "And our birthday isn't for another month."

"Well, I knew I might need a month to talk you into it," Will told him.

Adam gave him a sour look. "I know when you're picking on me, you know. Hannibal told you you weren't allowed to pick on me just because I don't want to try something. In bed or out."

"Which is why I wouldn't be so careless as to do so in his lap," Will insisted. In Hannibal's opinion, his look of innocence could use some work. "I was merely suggesting that we might need to talk some things over beforehand," Will added.

"I'm only doing it if you're receiving," Adam said immediately. "Sex is uncomfortable enough."

"Sex is not uncomfortable."

"It's sticky and wet and everyone is sweaty."

"And you beg for it."

"I didn't say I didn't like it, I said it was uncomfortable."

"Yeah, well-"

"Boys," Hannibal interjected lightly, before Will could sit up and launch them both into a full blown argument.

Will sighed, dropping his head in Adam's lap again as Hannibal continued to play with the exposed skin of his stomach. He allowed them a moment of quiet, waited for the tension to leave Adam's thighs before licking his lips and trying again.

"If getting drunk is out of the question -"

"It is." Adam told him, deliberately turning a page in his book even though he hadn't taken in a word of what he'd been reading. Will snorted, dropping a hand over his head to draw soothingly over Adam's leg.

"If getting drunk is out of the question, then I would like to celebrate the two of us legally entering adulthood by getting drunk on you. On both of you."

"You do that already."

"Not quite like this," Will replied, biting his lip and looking at his brother until Adam sighed and looked back at him. Hannibal watched the interaction with great amusement, feeling Adam tense and shift beside him, seeking Hannibal's free hand to soothe against the back of his neck and into his hair as the other continued to pet Will.

"I want to feel you," Will said. "Both of you, in my body the same way as I do in my mind. I want to be overwhelmed by everything we are. Please?"

Adam could feel the flush of arousal from Hannibal. He wasn't tapering himself off the way he usually did for them, the cheater, which meant Will had gotten to him. Will was good like that, good with his words and his faces. Adam sighed again. "Two conditions," He said firmly. Will beamed up at him, radiating excitement. Adam was getting better at recognizing the waves of feeling that weren't his, and he could feel joy and arousal and what might have been… Fear? Anxiety? It was all the same with Will, he never felt anything halfway.

Will propped himself up, nuzzling Adam's cheek. "Anything you want, baby brother," He murmured, lips brushing Adam's jaw.

This was also cheating, but Adam didn't say so. And if anything, Will was the baby, older or not. But that was another fight. "I want to go stargazing," he said, looking from Hannibal to Will. " First *, because we'll be tired, especially if Hannibal gets hungry."*

"I'm sure that can be arranged," Hannibal assured him, brushing a kiss against Adam's temple, "What else can we offer you, sweet boy? What's your second condition?"

'We,' because of course, they were teaming up against him. Sometimes having an extra person was nice, when Adam and Will could coax a treat or an outing from Hannibal, or when Hannibal and Adam could outvote Will on what book they would read together. It was less fun when Hannibal and Will ganged up on him.

"I get to pick the cake."

Now, as Hannibal coaxed Will to sit up higher, adjusting to the pressure of both of them in him at once, Will keened.

“Fuck, fuck I feel so full…” he licked his lips, eyes closed tight and brows furrowed in pleasure-pain that radiated through to the both of them. This was absolutely what he had asked for; to be overwhelmed in mind and body by the two people he loved most in the world. He reached back to catch his hand in Hannibal’s hair, guiding his face to his throat. Even if he didn’t bite, right then Will didn’t care. He wanted to feel him close, close as Adam was when Will reached for him next and his brother drew his fingers into his mouth in a teasing suck that shuddered through Will.

Because they had gone stargazing, with an enormous, beautiful telescope that Hannibal had presented to Adam for their birthday. And Adam had chosen the cake. He’d enjoyed it in an unconventional way, too, impressing his brother with his ability to put up with certain messiness for the sake of pleasure.

He’d licked icing off Hannibal’s chest first.

He had to undo a tie and several buttons to get to it. Neither Will nor Adam understood why Hannibal got all dressed up to hang around the house with them all day, but he looked good, at least.

Adam had set the tie to the side, seated in Hannibal’s lap with Hannibal smiling down at him in fond amusement. He’d undone two buttons, smeared a line of icing from Hannibal’s collarbone downward, and then licked it off in a single smooth stroke.

Never one to be outdone, Will had raced to join them. There was no more room in the chair, but he’d nuzzled his way past loose curls (Adam kept them a bit longer now, though not nearly as long as Will’s. Will was determined to grow his out until Hannibal got irritated and put his foot down, and so far he hadn’t.). With two fingers, Will had traced patterns over the sensitive spots along Adam’s jaw, sucking marks over blue spots of sugar.

Adam turned halfway, dragging Will into a kiss. They both tasted overly sweet, and Will was hungry for him, devouring Adam’s mouth like he’d never tasted better.

Will was just about to suggest they take things to bed when he felt a hand on his jaw, tilting his head back for Hannibal to paint icing over his adam’s apple, down to the hollow of his throat.

“Daddy?” He whimpered.

“Stay still, darling boy.”

Will did, eyes closing and lips parting on a moan when Hannibal leaned down to lick the painfully sweet substance from him. He tasted his boys often, their skin, their blood, their semen, their very essence. But he had never taken in food in front of them, never consumed something they themselves could eat.

Hannibal licked his lips and drew Adam in to feed the taste back to him, smiling when both his boys clung to him, desperate for more. The food didn’t nourish him. It did nothing for him. He could take it in and it would disappear, affecting him not at all. He could taste, he could

appreciate, but he could get no nourishment from it like he did from their blood, sweetened by their pleasure.

"Daddy, *please* -" Will shivered against him, groaning in pain and ecstasy as Hannibal held him still and guided Adam to pull out, just enough to feel, just enough for their cocks to rub together in the tight hot confines of Will's willing body. As Adam pushed back in, head thrown back and nails leaving marks over his brother's thighs, Hannibal pulled free.

The juxtaposition of sensation, being filled and filled and filled again made Will whimper, tears prickling at the corners of his eyes as he turned his face against Hannibal's and panted. He was going to come undone, he was going to fly into a million little pieces right then and there and he could die happy.

When Adam reached for his cock, his hand so much like Will's own but now much more practiced, much more sure, Will nearly screamed. He couldn't do this, he couldn't breathe, he couldn't move, he couldn't do anything but *take it* , take *them* , and enjoy it.

And he did, every moment.

Will came first, hard, over Adam's stomach and hand, and fell lax back against Hannibal who whispered praises over his skin. Hannibal watched Adam, eyes blown in pleasure at seeing his brother so undone, at seeing his brother take this at all, and enjoy it. Curiosity roiled through Adam, teased the edges of his consciousness as Will trembled and tried to recover himself. He reached for him when Hannibal guided Will down, pressed his weight over them both and nuzzled Adam's throat as he and Will kissed. Deep, messy, sloppy things that still tasted like artificial sugar and coloring.

"I love you," Will told him, breathy and soft, smiling so genuinely, so widely, that Adam laughed before pulling him down again, arms wrapped loose over Will's neck, fingers seeking Hannibal's lips when he pulled away from Adam's skin.

Hannibal nipped playfully at Adam's fingers, then slid his hands between the boys, holding Will still and close as he rolled his hips. Will made a soft, pained sound, eyes fluttering closed.

"A little more, sweet boy," Hannibal whispered, dragging sharp teeth over Will's well-loved throat. "Don't you want Adam to feel good too?"

Adam was already shuddering beneath them both, clinging to the bedding to hold himself together. Will looked at him through bleary eyes, smiling so soft and sweet that Adam ached to kiss him again.

"Please, Daddy?" Both of them, at once, a needy little whisper that made Hannibal want to growl, want to hold them both down and fuck them sobbing. But today was not for him, as much as he knew they would love it. Today was for them, and Hannibal sat up straight, pulling Will back with him. Will cried out at the change in position, as he was driven deeper onto both of them, Adam's hands moving to grab at his hips and leave fingerprint bruises along his skin.

Hannibal brushed long curls aside, placing kisses over skin he had yet to mark. So many places still, to bite and bruise. To send echoes of pleasure circling between both boys. He set his teeth against Will's skin, listening to the gasp, the whimper, and bit down over the nape of Will's neck.

The effect was immediate. Will clenched hard around them both, writhing as much as he could, impaled as he was. Adam's eyes fluttered closed. He ground up into Will, against Hannibal, a pleasurable feedback loop that seemed to have no end, just the two of them circling through each other, constant and desperate.

Will felt electrified, tense and shaking and wonderful. He didn't know if he was the one crying out, or if Adam was, he didn't know who was coming inside him, Hannibal or Adam, and it didn't matter. Everything, *everything* felt so damn good.

His own gift from Hannibal had been a new fishing rod and a beautifully packaged set of things to make lures with that Hannibal had put together himself. Feathers and beads and string, as well as much stranger and more precious items like tiny bones, strings of sinew, fur, teeth from small animals.

It was extraordinary. Will had never been given something so thoughtful. Their birthdays every year consisted of matching gifts and later vouchers or money, when their dad had run out of ideas and didn't want to disappoint either of them. He hadn't, really, he'd done his best, but this… something so personal, something so entirely in tune with who Will was as a person made him feel so truly, deeply loved.

He sobbed, pressed back against Hannibal, a hand down to balance himself on his brother's belly as he rode the two of them, mind a haze of pulsing pleasure, body singing with pain and need. He was getting better at processing who was feeling what, but it was still entirely overwhelming, every time.

"So good," he whimpered, "feels so fucking good, *oh* -"

He reached blindly, seeking over Adam's chest to touch his nipples, peaked and sensitive, red already from where Hannibal *and* Will had teased him, had licked away icing to reveal goosebumped skin beneath.

Adam shuddered beneath him, sobbed out tiny little cries that Will felt all the way through his body. He felt *everything* . They both felt everything. Will reached out, felt for Adam's hand. They held on to each other, palm to palm, both hands as tight as they could. There was no space between them, no place where Will ended and Adam began. Will felt like they'd merged, like he'd opened up his mind and taken all of Adam into him.

"Can't," Adam gasped, or maybe Will had said it himself, and then that was it. Will spilled over Adam's chest, impossibly soon and impossibly good, Adam jerking up hard into his body, heedless of rhythm, grinding his cock against Hannibal's, the both of them seeking completion inside Will's clenching body.

Adam's orgasm sent more waves through Will. They were both whimpering by the time Adam's hips stilled, his softening cock slipping from Will. Will couldn't stop moving,

squirming on Hannibal's cock as Hannibal drank from him.

Hannibal fed until Will was weak, until the only thing keeping him up was Hannibal's arms around his chest and the way Hannibal rolled his hips up into them. Adam watched them with heavily lidded eyes, occasionally making soft moans that synced up with Will's higher whines. Hannibal licked over the marks he'd made, leaning forward to pin Will between their bodies as he stole a copper-flavored kiss from Adam. He let down his walls, let his boys feel exactly what he felt when he looked at them, when they gave him the gift of their bodies or their blood. When he finally spilled himself inside Will, they were all shivering with shared pleasure.

Will woke because someone was nuzzling his face.

He felt too warm and too sensitive and too much and he smiled, turning his face to the seeking touch.

It was Adam, with sweet kisses and soft sighs and lazy linen limbs that wrapped around Will to hold him. Behind him, Will could feel the heavy press of Hannibal's chest; the two of them bracketing him in, safe and secure.

He groaned, sore and sated and dizzy, and stretched. Hannibal kissed his throat, up to his hair, drawing a hand through it to sweep it from Will's face so he could kiss his cheek next.

"My boys," he murmured, both of them grinning at the tone, at the love it radiated. "Happy birthday, darlings."

Adam reached over Will to touch Hannibal, an intimate embrace that held them pressed so near it was almost hard to breathe, and no one cared. Will snuggled up against his brother's chest, arms around his middle, and wriggled his butt back against Hannibal.

"Here's to more," Adam mumbled, sleepy and contented. "An eternity of more."

Hannibal watched the two of them sink to sleep, wrapped around each other and touching him in every way they could. Pale and lovely, exhausted and so human they made Hannibal's chest ache. There was no question that they would be his forever, but he had no desire to take their mortal flame from them so soon. Not for years, at least. Years in which he could sate himself on their pleasure and their taste, years in which they could flourish and grow even more beautiful, years shared together regardless of their mortality and his lack of it.

An eternity of more .

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who has read along and supported this kinky little story! We had the *best* time writing it and cannot wait to get more ideas from lovely readers! YOU HELP KEEP OUR MUSES BURNING WITH LUST!

COME SAY HI ON TUMBLR

End Notes

We didn't follow any particular fanlore with vampires but sort of picked and chose as we went.

In short, Hannibal doesn't die or sparkle when the sun hits him, but it's far from pleasant. He can eat food, it just doesn't nourish him like blood does.

Thralls/recently turned vampires find their senses enhanced - so Will's empathy goes through the roof, he can sense what Adam and Hannibal are feeling and for a while he can't control that. Adam is just a clever bastard and we love him. Consider this a lead-in to telepathy though there won't be telekinesis for either.

Hannibal can also sense/track them once he's tasted them. We also went with the idea that thralls go a bit nuts if they're away from their sire for too long but that's not a particular problem here. Notyetanyway.

And while neither Will nor Adam are fooled by or affected by a glamour, Hannibal's connection to them does wipe out the rest of their lives somewhat; they forget about family, friends, being outside etc. I guess that counts as gaslighting? Maybe? Welp? If you think it does, let us know and we'll tag that too.

THIS IS A COMPLETED FIC THAT WILL POST WEEKLY ON WEDNESDAYS FOR THE NEXT FOUR WEEKS. Find us on Tumblr.

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